

The Tragedie of Hamlet

Of your precedent Lord, a vice of Kings,
A cut-purse of the Empire and the rule,
That from a shelfe the precious Diademe stole
And put it in his pocket.

Enter Ghost.

Ham. A King of shreds and patches,
Sau me and houer ore me with your wings
You heauenly gards: what would your gratiouse figure?

Ger. Alasfe hee's mad.

Ham. Doe you not come your tardy sonne to chide,
That lap'st in time and passion lets goe by
Th' important acting of your dread command. O say!

Ghost. Doe not forget: this visitation
Is but to whet thy almost blunted purpose,
But locke, amazement on thy mother sits,
O step betweene her, and her sighing soule!
Conceit in weakest bodies strongest workes,
Speake to her Hamlet.

Ham. How is it with you Lady?

Ger. Alasfe how i'st with you?

That you doe bend your eye on vacancy.
And with th' incorporeal ayre doe hold discourse,
Foorth at your eyes your spirrits wildly peep,
And as the sleeping fouldiers in th' alarme,
Your beaded hairelike life in excrements
Starts vp and stands an end: O gentle sonne!
Vpon the heate and flame of thy distemper
Sprinkle coole patience, whercon doe you looke?

Ham. On him, on him, locke you how pale he glares,
His forme and cause conioyned, preaching to stones
Would make them capable, doe not looke vpon me,
Leaft with this pittious action you conuert
My stearne effects, then what I haue to doe
Will want true colour, teares perchance for blood.

Ger. To whome doe you speake this?

Ham. Doe you see nothing there?

Ger. Nothing at all, yet all that is there I see.

Ham. Nor did you nothing heare?

Ger. No nothing but our selues.

Ham.

Prince of Denmark.

Ham. Why looke you there, looke how it steales away,
My father in his habit as he liue'd,
Looke where he goes, euen now out at the portall.

Exit Ghost.

Ger. This is the very coynage of your braine,
This bodilesse creation, extacy is very cunning in

Ham. My pulse as yours doth temperatly keepe time,
And makes as healthfull musicke, it is not madnesse
That I haue vtred, bring me to the test,
And the matter will reword, which madnesse
Would gambole from. Mother for loue of grace,
Lay not that flattering vncion to your soule
That not your trespassse but my madnesse speakes,
It will but skin and filme the vlceroous place,
Whiles rancke corruption mining all within
Infects vnseene: confesse your selfe to heauen,
Repent what's past, auoyd what is to come,
And doe not spread the compost on the weedes
To make them rancker, forgiue me this my vertue,
For in the farnesse of these pursie times
Vertue it selfe of vice must pardon beg,
Yea curbe and woole for leauue to doe him good.

Ger. O Hamlet thou hast cleft my hart in twaine.

Ham. O throw away the wosser part of it,
And leauue the purer with the other halfe,
Good night, but goe not to my Vncles bed,
Assume a vertue if you haue it not,
That monstre custome, who all sence doth eate
Of habits deuill, is angell yet in this
That to the vse of actions faire and good,
He likewise giues a frocke or Liuery
That aptly is put on to refraine night,
And that shall lend a kind of easines
To the next abstinenesse, the next more easie:
For vse almost can change the stamp of nature,
And Maister the diuell, or throw him out
With wonderous potency: once more good night,
And when you are desirous to be blest,
Ile blessing beg of you, for this same Lord
I doe repent; but heauen hath pleasd it so.

To

